

HEADS UP

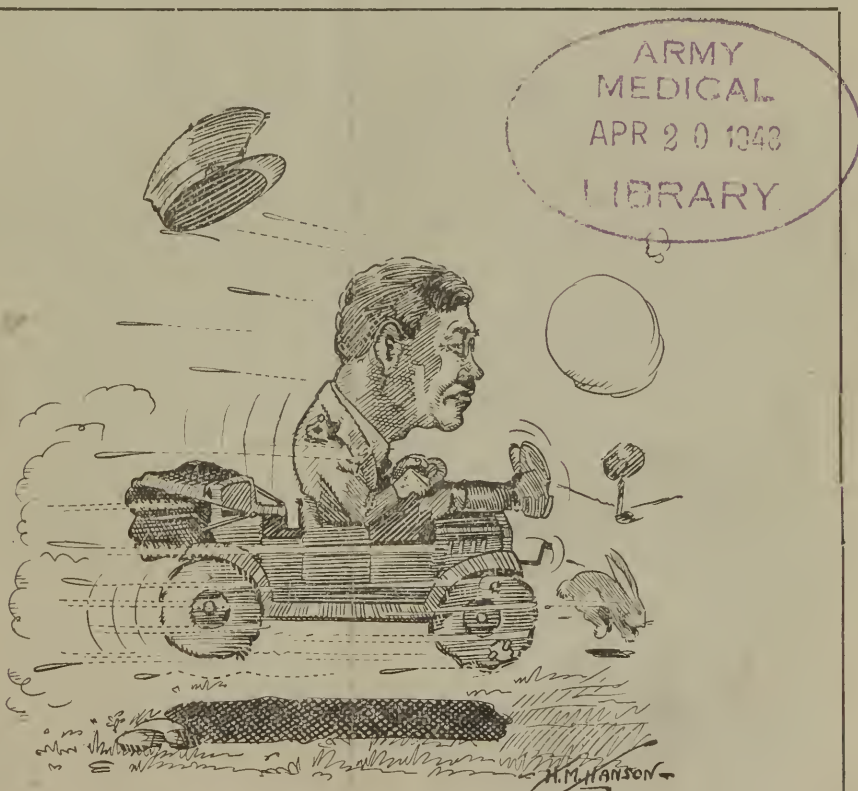
Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Sunday, March 23, 1919

Vol. II

"Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man"

No. 71

The world is wide, in time and tide, and God is guide; don't hurry,
That man is blest, who does his best, and leaves the rest; don't worry



"Bumps? Naw!" He sure do fly

HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

MAIL.

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

At Red Cross Building.

Catholic8:15 A. M.
Protestant7:30 P. M.



Officer of Day, Monday—Capt. Metheny.

Now that Liberty has triumphed; now that the forces of Right have begun the reconstruction of humanity's morals, the world faces a task of equal magnitude.

In this task American muscle and brain must play a leading part.

The call comes to every citizen of the United States to produce, to expand, to develop, to lead the way in the rebuilding of the world.

The demand is for EFFICIENCY and calls upon the civilized world for its supreme effort in these days of restoration.

The time to prepare is now while you are still in the service, before you go back to civilian pursuits. Here you may opportunely study character— an all-important factor in the business world. You may learn here HOW to WORK; learn HOW to LEARN; how to grasp and hold the fundamentals of each day's events. But first keep a "stiff upper lip" and *Soldier*—for a successful soldier, a successful civilian, must be.

RED CROSS.

FITTING TRIBUTE AND JUST RECOMPENSE was paid the Red Cross Motor Corps of Richmond Friday afternoon when Major Galbreath, on behalf of the post, presented a beautiful silver cup to that organization. In saying, "Fitting and Just," "Heads Up" knows that it has the backing of the entire post, for there is no one among us unwilling to accredit fully this merited woman's organization for their invaluable assistance in solving the transportation problem of this post, especially when detaining and entraining oversea's patients. Surely their's is a service of the noblest purpose and which exacted great sacrifices on the part of the members, individually and collectively. In a subsequent issue "Heads Up" will dwell more fully on just what this Motor Corps has done for the men in khaki.

Lack of space forces us to treat only Friday's event at this time.

This event was most pleasing and displayed a brand of discipline and morale hardly surpassed by the Army itself.

In the early hours of the afternoon the Corps, with Capt. Frederic Campbell in command, marched in military formation and came to attention in a company front in the Red Cross House, while Major Galbreath, commanding Debarkation 52, made a most commendable and touching talk, presenting to them the well-earned trophy. In accepting, Capt. Campbell responded accordingly for the Motor Corps. A military drill followed in which the Motor Corps passed in review before the Major, after which official fotografs were taken of the Corps.



ENLISTED MEN, WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARDS. SOMETHING DOING FOR "YOUALL"!!! LSTICK AROUND THE POST SUNDAY! LA-N-D, MONDAY, TOO.

—O—

KEITH'S VAUDEVILLE was up to standard again last night. This show was the closing number of those scheduled to appear in the local Red Cross House.

AND in passing we will record that we have tremendously enjoyed these programs and are enduringly grateful to Keith's and to the Red Cross for the many hours of pleasure that the various all-star casts have given us. The movies we may still enjoy.

—O—

WE HEAR that K. C. Kelly is pulling over the real thing Monday night. Watch the bulletin boards, Enlisted Men, and others too.

HEADS UP

SOMETHING DOING on the post by all members tonight. Stick around and be a part of it.

THE DANCE.

"The best time ever! Good music, wonderful dancing partners. And oh! for a repeater!"

That's the way one enlisted man expressed himself to the Editor when he had no more than safely stowed his lady love on the 11:30 Richmond bound car after the dance Friday night. Other enlisted men warmly declare that it was the most enjoyable evening event ever pulled off on the post. Everything went off in nip and tuck fashion—music, refreshments and the company were all par-excellence.

"Heads Up", in this connection, feels that much credit is due Mr. Barlow of the Red Cross for putting this thing over successfully.

ON THE GENTLE SLOPE.

The title "The Gentle Slope" was originally selected because of the coincidence of the gentler sex being housed on the gentlest slope of the post. Geographically this slope is still gentle, but its additional gentleness accruing from its dwellers of the gentle sex, by tomorrow's sun, will be no more. The Nurse's Home closes tomorrow and the gentle slopers will be no more. A splendid group of women these, and "Heads Up" says with great reluctance, Good-bye and Good Luck. No more the Gentle Slope.

(Editor's Note—This contribution is by Madeline Myrtle McSpeak, of Battle Creek, who is also leaving.)

To thine ownself be true.

HARRY LOHNES.

We are in receipt of a letter from Capt. Harry. He has asked to be remembered to everybody on the post and has also said some kind words about "Heads Up". He is discharged and at home at work, but spends a leisure Sunday afternoon reading back files of H. U.

Not because he has stroked our fur and made us purr on this "Heads Up" thing, but because it is true, we record an opinion formed long before "Heads Up" was born, namely: That Lohnes was pretty nearly the best brains on the post. Fertile of ideas

and deft and swift of execution. The fact that he did not carry all his goods in a showcase enhanced his personal charm.

HOW THESE THINGS HAPPEN COLUMN.

KHAKI—The khaki that you wear originated as follows: The service uniform of the British soldiers in India was white. This made them a fair target for the natives. They did what has been since called camouflage by taking the yellow mud of the Indian rivers and smearing it on their uniforms before going into action. This yellow mud in the East Indian language is called khaki. This little trick was so practical that you and many other millions of soldiers are wearing yellow mud colored or khaki clothing.

THE SALUTE—In medieval days only the free men could enter battle. That is, the slaves or bondsmen could not. All fighting men when they passed, put up their right hand to show that there was no manacle or chain on their wrist, such as were worn on the wrists of the bondsmen. Therefore, they were fighting men and not slaves. At this time armor was worn and the head and face enclosed in a metal hood. These hooded warriors, in passing, opened the door or visor of this hood to each other in order that the face might be recognized. Some say that the right hand was originally elevated to show that it carried no weapons, and therefore represented friendly intentions.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Silence is the answer to this heading. However, they can't arrest us for thinking, and we hope that all of we later day Mohicans will be slipped down to Newport News any time now short of two weeks.

HORSE-HIDE BUT NOT CORDOVAN PUTTS.

Our next issue will record the baseball game between the Ossifers and Troupe's troupers.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON a baseball game will be played between the Quartermaster Department and the Medical Department. The Non-Coms and Privates will be drawn from to make up the Medical Department team. This ought to be some action, so let's go Tuesday afternoon.

HEADS UP

ZEPHYRS OF SPRING.

What a nice place it would be HERE—
If the Sanitary Gang would ever get done;
If we had a Canoe on The Lake;
If it wasn't so Lonesome;
If the MEDICS would ever win a game of Ball;
If KA CY KEL would call once in a while;
If they would Quit teasing Poor Dunning;
If RICHMOND was a few miles Closer;
If ROBBY would ever go down to Breakfast;
If Sgt. Albitz would get out of Ward L,
And if " " would hurry and get married
so we wouldn't HEAR him grieve out loud.

—o—
Godfrey says:

"It now 'Tis Spring Time,
And a wife I must Choose;
There's the Blackberry on the Vine
And the Gooseberry on the Goose."

—o—
Dear Sidney was posing in the front of his place of Business yesterday P. M. Perhaps he was taking in the FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

—o—
Nature has begun to deposit her Chlorophyl now and life seems to be worth living.

—o—
Sgt. Shiplett says, "Once for every man and Nation comes the moment to Decide." But it is rumored that he has an Idea that would greatly Coincide with "Dans" line of work.

—o—
What will become of Scotty and Shep when we leave 'OLD 52'?

—o—
Ship and Bix journeyed in a Spring Day Style yesterday A. M. and Collected a great number of Violets, Tulips, and also some Lilies of the Valley.

—o—
THE CIDER MYSTERY—Who got it, the M. T. C's. or the Q. M. C's.? The keg when rolled out the passage way by the thirsty rustlers, with its disappearing, rumbling peals, was like unto that made by the dwarf nine pinners of the Adirondacks.

—o—
To Editor:—

Mr. (H. U.), please insert an article in your paper, that will remove the pathetic look from Sgt. "Don" Moore. Some of the many things that might be mentioned are:
(1) One more ride with the girl that he left in Dansville. (2) A chance to put a

heavy foot on the exhilarator of a certain Stultz again. (3) His and Sgt. Neeley's laborious task, fighting sleep.

HIS FRIEND.

—o—

WANTED—Men acquainted with "The Face on the Bar-room Floor" to do stump speeching on July 1st, 1919, on the subject of the Parable of the Water changed into Wine. Apply at Doyle's Dew Drop Inn, or to C. O. L. Eggstrackt.

✻ ✻ ✻

HOT AND HEAVY.

"Texas" Rogers tells his friends that he can pick five hundred pounds of cotton in ten hours. They believe him well enough, but say "it is hard for him to wash a hundred plates in twenty-four hours, or to stay off his partners dainty little feet when the jazzers are jazzing Smiles."

—o—

Godfrey has the right stuff all well enough. He waits until 8 to go to breakfast and as everything is pretty well cleaned up by that time, he imposes on the kind hearted cooks for a little extra.

—o—

Say, Van Nest, tell us all what the attraction is on the Boulevard? It once was, perchance, twice a week, but now it is every night and most every day. Is it as deep as all of that?

—o—

Kline opened the door of the laundry and sang out, 'Come on in, boys, and have an eye opener.' Meanwhile, Kelly, on the job in his wittingly way, jumped in back of counter and said, "Here is the bar. How do you want it—straight?"

—o—

Cooks Dunford and McReynolds went sight-seeing in the West End of town Thursday night. From the reports each one was trying to take the other back to camp.

—o—

JULY 1, 1919 AGONY(?)

If the rivers were of whisky
And we were mallard ducks,
How seldom we'd get frisky,
A drink were not worth shucks;
For the spirit inhibitions
That makes us gay and breezy,
Is enhanced if surreptitious,
Is dulled if got too easy.

CHEER UP!

SEE YOU DAY AFTER TOMORROW.